1st

THE DELIQUIUM:

OR,

The Grievances of the Nation

DISCOVERED

IN A DREAM.

Agt what y^t appear ag^t ye Court. 8 Aprill 1681.

FRom Evenings Coffee, lac'd with long Argument
Of the Kings Power and Rights of Parliament,
And hot-brain'd Company, who make it their Vocation,
Waving their own, to mind th' Affairs o'th' Nation;
Whose Noddles for these many Months have been
Hatchers of Grievances unfelt, unseen;
Ill-manner'd Fools, whose Ignorance is Hate,
They understand not, therefore blame the State.
Their real Grievance is their want of sence,
Beasts in all things but in Obedience.
Cloy'd with their noisie Cant (in equal plight
Of laughter, scorn, and grief) I bid good night:
Troubl'd to think of *Ergland's* Grand Disease,
Groaning with th' Burthen of such Sots as these,
To bed I went, where restless long I lay,
Despair'd of Sleep, and waited for the day:
Lord! (said I) must our Monarch ne're have rest?
The more indulgent, th' more he is oppresst
With Fools that know not, think not what they want;
Their Desire granted, they'l soon cure the Grand:
Yet the King's still in fault! methinks I see
Tears flowing down the Cheeks of Majesty.
If I am troubled, how much more is He,
Who bears the burthen of their Calumny?
Thus lay I long, my Soul quite spent with Sighs,
When Sleep insensibly stole o're my Eyes.

From lump of Flesh unchain'd, methought my Soul
Through Dark Unwholsome Foggy Mists did rowl,
Horrour increasing still, methought I came
To the dire Mansions of Eternal Flame,
The Gates of Brass transparent were, and thence
Flew *Azure* Flames with Smoak of nauseous stench,
With a confused noise of Howls and Groans,
Such as would melt (if any thing can) Stones.
The horrour quell'd my Spirit, that I stood
'Maz'd and insensitive as Stone or Wood,
Till by a Friend reviv'd; *Chear thee*, quoth he,
This place as yet is not design'd for thee.
He led me through the Gates, where lo, a place,
Larger then all this lower Worlds vast space,
The Torments gave some light, (else dark as night)
A pale bituminous discolour'd Light,
Myriads of wretched Souls my Fncy view'd,
Weltring in Flames, with Pitch ad Brimstone strew'd.

Just at the Gate th' Infernal *State* sate;
For know, that Hell's no Kingdom, but a *State*;
A Democractick State; for it affords
(As I was told) no King nor House of Lords:
Tho' *Lucifer's* a kind of Prince, he sate
But *Chairman*, or rather *Speaker* to the *State*;
A Troop of Ghastly Fiends surroud his *Chair*,
All which of *a Select Committee* were,
Who (having plaid *their Devils part* so well)
Had been Elected *Burgesses of Hell*:
Two who were lately to *Eutopia* sent,
Stood now for *Members of the Parliament*.
O Yes was strait proclaim'd; *Appear, appear,*
You that are Candidates; mighty Lucifer
Assures his Vote for him who merits best
For his Eutopia *Service*; All the rest
To *Lucifer* with formal Bows submit;
They would consent to what *His Grace* thought fit.

Python appear'd; Great Sir, *said he*, since I
Went with this *Honourable House's* Embassy,
T' *Eutopia*, I ha' brought that Realm to be
An't please Your Grace, in all Conformity
To Your desires; But first I must confess
Letters of Credence from his *Holiness*
(Your Grace's Correspondent) I procur'd
To some Lords there, whom I before insur'd
By my *Ignatian* Friends; O! they're a Crew
Of the most hearty, diligent and true,
Zealous unwearied Boys, to propagate
What may conduce to th' Good of this Our State:
Had they but Cunning equal to their Will,
This Place with Humane Souls they'd quickly fill;
You'd need no other Fiends: *These* did my work,
And privily about the Realm did lurk:
Some ign'rant Bigots they engag'd, and some
Only with th' pleasing pride of *Martyrdom*;
Some by Ambition's Bait were finely caught,
All things at once *boldly to venture at*:
But I confess, though all my Art I try'd
To bring the Great *Almanzor* to Our side, Duke of York.

I fail'd; But then I got buz'd that *He*
Would ſoon make one in th'Conſpiracy:
This tickl'd and engag'd them in that *PLOT*
Which by th' *Eutopians* 'r will be forgot.
In ſhort, This Honourable Houſe knows well
How I've *deſerv'd a Burſs-ſhip in Hell*;
If not, we've ſome *Jeſus* here can tell.
Then through the Houſe murmuring Applauſe
Shew'd that they all incl'd to *Python's* Cauſe.
When *Syphax*, th'oth Candidate appear'd,
Great Sir, *ſaid he*, I hope my Cauſe (when heard)
Will gain your ſuffrage; Mighty Sir, You know
M' Opponent's method was a while ago
Us'd by *Cantarogax*, Your Agent then
To th' ſame Realms, though but in vain; ſince when
Others with like Effects have us'd it; I
Us'd the experienc'd Rule, *Presbytery*:
This was the method, Mighty *Lucifer*!
That brought Ten thouand Rebel Souls a year
For twenty years together to this place,
For *Python's* part, an't pleaſe Your Grace,
He hatch't a *Plot* I muſt confeſs; but what
Effects did this his *ſo much talkt of Plot*
Produce? Why faith he'en ſent here no more
Than thoſe who were Your Grace's own before.
For my own part, I to the Houſe will give
Of all my Actions a ſhort *Narrative*.
In grave and comly hypocritick Dreſs,
Bearing the outward form of Godlineſs,
I cloath'd my ſelf, and to *Eutopia* went,
Haunted the City, Court and Parliament;
And in ſhort time pick'd up a numerous Crew
Of all Religions; every Sect a few:
I made all thoſe my own who took great pains
To make their ſeeming Godlineſs their gains:
All thoſe who uſe Religin for a faſhion,
Or ſeen to thrive by th' *ruine of the Nation*;
All who'd at Court their expectations croſt,
Or by ill manners had Preferments loſt:
All thoſe who were engag'd in the *late Broils*,
In *the King's Death* and *the three Nations Spoils*,
And had this King's late *Act of Grace* abus'd
By their unnatural Ingratitude:
All who had loſt their Games, and now would fain,
For their own turn, have the *Cards deals again*.
I found one fit at laſt to ſteer theſe right,
A Favourite of theirs, a much fam'd Wight,
Capricio call'd, and thereby hangs a Tale,
Meager his Viſage is, his Face as pale
As his Deeds black; Dame Nature ſure deſign'd
That by his out-ſide men might know his mind:
Hell's in his Body, and his ſhrivl'd Skin
Seems dropping from his rotten Bones within:
His Corrupt Tortur'd Body does convey
Freſh Spleen and Rancour to his Heart each day;
Which leſt it ſhou'd o'reflow, or by miſhap
Be over-charg'd from *Sun* or *Fleece*, a Tap
Is in his Body fix'd, with curious Art,
Which from his double Envy-canker'd heart,
By pumping, does exhauſt th' exundant Juice,
Reſerving ſtill enough for's daily uſe.
With this half Fiend I many Conſults had,
And we at laſt this Reſolution made:
Almanzor's due Succeſſion to oppoſe,
Among his many unprovoked Foes:
We choſe young *Marcion*, not for any love,
But to undo the Youth, as time will prove:
Poor eaſie Prince, he little thinks that we
Proſtitute this his weak Credulity
To our own uſe, to Anarchize the State,
And haſten his too ſoon intended Fate.
Diſguſted Lords we got ſome two or three,
To put their helping hands to Anarchy.
Amongſt the reſt one *Libertino* nam'd,
Of him I muſt confeſs I was aſham'd,
His vitious Life did much diſgrace the Cauſe;
But 'twas enough, his hate to King, Church, Laws,
And Government in general, drew the rude
Unthinking, Jealous, Headlong Multitude
To eſteem him ſo that he this Title bears,
One of the Proteſtant Eutopian *Peers*.
With theſe in cloſe Cabals ſometime I paſs'd,
And forg'd a feaſible Deſign at laſt:
'Twas thought without ſome provocation 'twere
Not fit our Cauſe in publick ſhould appear:
I pitch'd upon a Rogue, the truth to tell,
Has not his Fellow even here in Hell,
Upon our Crew we forg'd a Plot, which he
Firſt brought to light; A Re-diſcovery
He made as ſoon, Swore to, and was believ'd,
Then our good Party found themſelves aggriev'd,
And cry'd aloud, THESE TORY'S, *Bretheren*, *ſee*;
Behold, *we ſay*, *the Lords Delivery*.
This was ſome Biſhop ſure, or Maſquerader.
Soon after this a Son accus'd his Father;
Forwards and backwards Swears, at laſt he Vows, Sir,
He was ſubborn'd by that ſame Pa[illegible] *Tower*.
Things went on well, and now they thought 'twas time
The Ladder of Rebellion they ſhould climbe:
The Senate ſate; High for the *Good Old Cauſe*,
Magna Charta, and Fundamental Laws,
No Arbitrary Power, but We muſt give
Neceſſary Limits to Prerogative,
Though the King mayn't, yet We may break the Laws,
Puniſh at pleaſure, though without a Cauſe;
Then muſt *Almanzor* be excluded, He
Has too much Spirit, too much bravery;
They muſt and will have preſently Redreſs,
Of a long Bead-roll of Grievances.
And theſe are ſuch as the K: won't, nor can't,
Nature and Conſcience will not let him grant:
If not, no Money, Sirs, what e're come on't;
A Fig for Foreign Foes, ſo the K. want.
Councellors muſt be tax'd, and moſt of all
Hali, whom they had nought to charge with all,
But only 'cauſe he could diſcern the Weather,
And judge when Elements would claſh together;
They do not think it ſafe that any Lord
That has but ſence, ſhould ſit at Council-Board;
Thoſe that ſit there ſhould in their Foreheads have
Their Beaſt-ſhips Mark of either Fool or Knave;
Who lov'd the K. was Voted ſtraight to be
Betrayer of the Subjects Liberty,
And their old long-lov'd Darling Property.
Capricio tells them next, *they want a Prince*
Fit to be truſted with the Rule; *and ſince*
The preſent King's not ſuch, they think 'twere fit
That they be truſted both with Him and It.
In ſhort, I've brought that Kingdom, now of late,
In all Conformity ſo near our State,
That whoſoever ſees both, will ſurely Swear
'Tis an exact true Pattern of This here.
Then ſuch loud ſhouts from all the Senate came,
That I awak'd, and found it but a Dream:

FINIS.